

A man sits at a park bench, observing the world around him. The birds sing and flit around the leaves of the trees that surround him and the sun sets on the distant horizon. He is elderly, having seen many things throughout his long life. He recalls distant thoughts, memories from many years ago. Memories of sorrow, hate, and death. He sighed for he was growing weary from carrying the burdens of the horrors he had seen. Suddenly a blue speckled butterfly flew just feet away from the old man. He watched as it silently landed itself on a low hanging tree branch not far from where the man sat. Its light blue wings brought back a memory the old man knew all too well.

Here he is only just a boy, one whose innocence was torn from him the same time his parents were. He is handed a tag with the bold, blue word “*Kindertransport*” and lifted into the arms of one of the workers. His tears stained the stranger’s light blue shirt as she hoisted him into the bus that would take him to safety. He lets out a cry in protest as they place him in one of the battered blue seats.

The man sighs and leans back on his park bench. He looks to the sky, a pale pink with the setting of the sun. Its colors bring back another distant memory, one of sorrow, one that stays ingrained into his mind.

The pale pink of the doll’s beautiful dress was stained by the tears of the young girl that clung to it. The man, here an even younger child, watched as her last moments with the doll were cut short by the yells of her parents. She eventually found the strength to let go of her friend and left it in the hands of a Non-Jewish family. The boy could hardly imagine the pain of having to leave all his memories behind like that. But he would soon know that pain all too well.

The old man solemnly drops his gaze to the horizon and looks to the trees. The dark green leaves of the trees swayed in the wind. The same dark green that brought back the most painful memory of them all. His eyes fell into a distant gaze as he broke the locks he had placed in his mind and remembered the most distant memory of his all.

The young child is held aloft in the air, squealing in joy. His father wears his usual dark green shirt, one the child has come to love. He laughs with his son as he

watches his son burst into happiness. He lowers the child and hugs him close, their bond unbreakable.

A tear runs down the old man's face. He begins to cry as he allows himself to remember it all. He looks to the blue speckled butterfly, the pale pink of the horizon, and the dark green of the trees, colors that quell his emotions. The setting sun reminds him of the setting of his own life. The man wipes away his tears, finding relief in knowing that his death will come at the hands of God and not the hands of beasts. The blue speckled butterfly flies off, the pale pink turns into a deep orange, the wind quiets down and the man finds peace. So he continues to sit at his park bench and observes the world around him.